

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS; OR INDIAN PURGATIVE.

THOUGH many medicines have been before the public for a much longer period than Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, yet none stands now in higher repute, or has more rapidly attained a firm hold upon popular estimation. The thousands that have used them throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, all bear cheerful testimony to their thorough efficacy and mild operation when employed in the most distressing disorders "which flesh is heir to."

The theory of disease on which Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are founded, is this, viz: that there is only one primary cause of all the disorders that afflict the human family, and that is corruption; or, in other words—Impurity of Blood. This principle is now generally admitted, that it may in fact be said to be sustained by a universality of opinion, the few dissenters constituting but a feeble minority. It is useless, therefore, to discuss the soundness of this theory in this place and connection.

The one disease principle being admitted, the mode of attack professed by all practitioners becomes the same—namely, purgation. But many of the so-called specifics now before the public, produce only one form of Purgation; they are either Sudorifics, Cathartics, Diuretics, or Expectorants. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills combine all these properties, and are therefore calculated to attack the elements of disease at all points, and by a harmonious and combined operation to expel it radically from the system. Their effects are almost magical, and is no less astonishing for its mildness than its efficacy. Both sexes and all ages may employ them, according to the directions, without fear, for while they are certain to cure all diseases that are remediable, they never inflict an injury upon the system.

These Pills as we before remarked, operate by purgation—by thoroughly cleansing the entire system from all impurities, and making the invalid in the home, but a transient sufferer. A new man, whether the disease is incipient consumption, which insidiously attacks the Lungs, producing that hacking cough so painful to the friendly ear; or cutaneous, showing itself upon the skin in eruptions or blotches; whether the Kidneys or the Bowels be affected. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are equally efficacious in warding off danger. Their expectorant, cathartic, sudorific and diuretic qualities enable them to take hold of each form of disease.

The perfect safety of the medicine is another all-important quality, and one which has contributed more than any thing else to its extension and popularity.

In a word, this medicine commands itself strongly to the patronage of the public, and its use bids fair to become before long, almost universal.

CAUTION.

The citizens of New England are respectfully informed that in consequence of the great popularity which Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have earned by their astonishing goodness, a gang of Counterfeiters are now industriously engaged in palming off the unsuspicious, a useless, and perhaps dangerous medicine, under the name of Indian Vegetable Pills.

This is to inform the public, that the genuine medicine has on the boxes, "Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, (INDIAN PURGATIVE)"

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH, And also around the border of the label will be found in small type, "Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills are provided with a certificate of Agency signed by

William Wright, Vice President

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH, and that pedlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine medicine. All travelling Agents will be provided with a certificate of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

The following high respectable persons have been appointed Agents for the sale of the above named

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH, AGENTS' NAMES.

DUTTON & CLARK, Brattleboro; M. Whitehead, Vernon; Henry Holmes, Grafton; Wm. Harris & Sons, Windham; Niles Aldrich, Londonderry; David F. Cushing, Cambridge Port; Birchard & Sawyer, Fayetteville; D. W. Grimes, Saxton's River; G. W. Daniell, Westminster; P. R. Chandler & Co., Putney; Green & Fleming, Bellows Falls; Joel Codding, Brookline; B. Birchard, Dummerston; Chester Olds & Co., Fayetteville; Plimpton & Higgins, Wardsboro; Merrillfield & Newell, Jamaica; F. G. Stanley, Wilmington; J. & H. Rice, Wardsboro; Jesse Cone, Marlboro; S. F. Thompson, Townshend; N. Cheney, Townshend; "Sanford, Plimpton, West, Higgins, Thomas Cook, Jr., West Townshend; Winn & Chase, Whitehall; B. B. Murdoch, Northfield, Mass.; T. O. Sparhawk, Greenfield, Mass.; Brown & Hunt, Hinsdale, N. H.; C. Farr, Chesterfield; O. B. Higgins, Chesterfield Factory; Wm. Cobb, Warwick, Mass.; A. Ferry, Barnardston.

The only Office in Boston where the Indian Vegetable Pills can be obtained is at

198 TREMONT STREET. 198
Principal Office and Central Depot,
street, Philadelphia.



—FOR—
CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

THE best medicine known to man for incipient Consumption, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

NATURE'S OWN PRESCRIPTION
A compound Balsamic preparation of the *Prunus Virginiana* or Wild Cherry Bark, prepared by a new chemical process, approved and recommended by the most distinguished physicians, and universally acknowledged the most valuable medicine ever discovered.

NO QUACKERY!!! NO DECEPTION.
All published statements of cures performed by this medicine are, in every respect, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "DR. WRIGHT'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," as spurious imitations are abroad.

Orders from any part of the country should be addressed to Isaac Butts, No. 125, Fulton street, New York.

Sold in Brattleboro by DUTTON & CLARK, Fayetteville, H. E. Baker. 194

HOW TO COAX A HUSBAND.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

'How happy you must be,' said the young Estelle to her cousin, Mrs. Reed Williams, the bride of a year. 'You have one of the best husbands, the handsomest house, and the prettiest location in our beautiful city. Then the furniture is really superb; it seems to me that I would almost get married myself could I have every thing I might wish so quickly laid at my feet by a husband lover.' 'But how is this,' and the laughing girl became serious with deep anxiety, 'tears when I expected laughter, what can be the matter? What have I said? Emelie, dear Emelie, are you not happy?'

The young wife made no reply, but bowed her head upon the shoulder of her sympathizing friend and indulged in a long and passionate flow of tears. The alarmed and agitated Estelle could endure it no longer; she raised her friend tenderly in her arms and kissed away the tears from her cheek; she smoothed the soft brown hair which had fallen over her face, and when her caresses had won her smile of love, she whispered softly 'Dearest Emelie, may I not share your grief? Have I wounded your feelings by my thoughtless gaiety? Are you not happy as I supposed?'

'You will laugh at me, Estelle, if I tell you why I weep. Indeed it is too trifling; I must not betray such weakness even to you,' and a smile broke over the countenance so recently suffused in tears.

'There, the sun's come out, the sun's come out,' exclaimed Estelle, merrily clapping her hands as she spoke, 'now tell me all, or I will never forgive you. Come, now to confession. Did your lord and master look unusually grave this morning?'

'Nay.'

'Did he find fault with the coffee?'

'No, did he say the toast was too dry?'

'Oh, no, that the bread was stale?'

'No, that your morning dress was too negligent?'

'No, what could it be then?—and the arch girl leaned her forehead on her hand as if in deep thought, 'what else could call down a husband's censure and what but a husband's censure could draw forth a young wife's tears? Oh, I know, said she whispering—'he forgot to kiss you when he went out.'

'Come now, Estelle, quit this nonsense, and I will tell you. I believe I am growing jealous. You know I always disliked smoking, but I cannot persuade him to leave off. I am beginning to think that he loves his cigars better than he does me, or he could not resist my persuasions.'

'But you must coax him.' 'I have,'—'Well, you must coax him.' 'It is no use.' 'Did you say, my dear husband?'

Emelie laughed, and was silent. 'Did you say, Ah, do?'

'Yes, but he said, "Ah, do," in truth, I begin to think he does not like to be coaxed.'

'Nonsense, you never saw a being yet that did not. Now I will tell you what to do.—I know when he comes, you always run to meet him and he kisses you. Don't blush so, it is all a matter of fact. Now to day when he does so just say to him, my dear, the smell of smoke is very disagreeable to me, I shall not let you kiss me any more till you leave it off. Will you say this?'

'I will think of it,' said Emelie, and the friends parted.

CHAPTER II.

Emelie Williams sat alone in her boudoir, her hands clasped upon a small table, and her head resting upon her hands. Its marble top was a strange contrast to her feverish brow, but it was not more cold than her heart. She was thinking of her husband. For the first time since their marriage he had left her without a kiss, and it was her own fault too. It was strange how such a trifle had become so necessary to her happiness. She looked at her work-basket, to see if there were anything which might divert her thoughts. There was a doll which she was dressing for the fair of the Female Charitable Society; but the satin gauze seemed perfectly untractable, they would not look well, and that never changing smile on the face was more than she could endure. She flung it back again, and heaped up the muslins, laces and bits of ribbon in most unwonted confusion, as if to hide it. She wished she had taken some more useful work; if it had been a frock for some poor woman or little ragged child, she thought it would have fixed her attention. Then she wound up her musical box, but she could not bear its sound, and was glad when it ceased. Even the page of a favorite periodical which had just been laid upon the table, were not devoured with eagerness as usual, and her little pet Juan lay at her mistress' feet as if she had no customary cares to bestow. The truth was, her womanly pride was aroused, and even in her solitude she would have been ashamed to weep, but she sat listlessly thus in that utter loneliness of spirit which dreads communion with herself. She was glad when a well known tap announced her friend Estelle, and started up with a smile to return her affectionate greeting.

'Well sister,' (they were used to call each other,) 'I thought I would just run over and see what was the result of your experiment. Did you say what I told you?'

'I did.'

'And what did your husband say?'

'He said, "very well, my dear, then you can go without your kiss."

'Of course then, you intend to do so.'

'But what can I do,' said Emelie despairingly; 'I like my kiss as well as he does, and of course I cannot now take back what I have said?'

Estelle felt at that moment as if she would

never advise any one again, but she smiled as she said, 'Then persevere my friend, and a few days will show the result. If you succeed, think how much more pleasant it will be to have the kisses without the smell of tobacco, and I will give you as many as you wish in the meanwhile,' she roguishly added, covering the cheek, and lips and brow of her friend with those eloquent testimonials of affection.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Reed Williams had never looked more beautiful than she did that evening when her husband returned. Perhaps there had been more than usual solicitude about the shade of a ribbon or the adjustment of a curl, but if there was, looking glasses 'tell no tales,' and neat and plain attire would not proclaim the fact to an ordinary observer. She started nervously as he entered, but she controlled herself and greeted him kindly and calmly as usual.

'Well, my dear,' said he, advancing gaily, 'I have not been smoking to day.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you, dear husband,' exclaimed Emelie in the fullness of her heart, 'you will never smoke any more, will you? and her soft pleading eyes were raised to his with an expression that amply repaid him for the sacrifice.'

Days passed and the young wife felt happier than she had ever felt before, for her heart's idol had relinquished even his favorite cigars, and for her sake.

One evening, as he sat by her side, she thought he seemed unusually depressed, and her cheerful smiles and her animated conversation failed to restore his wonted gaiety.

She did not ask the cause, but she almost felt as if she had been selfish in exacting such a sacrifice as she knew it to be. At length he arose. 'Emelie, I think I must have a cigar. No word of fond entreaty stayed his course, and he soon returned. I have got only one bunch, they will soon be gone, and then I will smoke no more.'

He looked up in her face, but he could not read the expression there. It was not grief, disappointment, anger or love, but a most marvellous calmness. He was about to retire to his studio, where he generally indulged in the luxury of smoking, but a soft tone recalled him. 'Will you not stay with me?'

'I thought,' said he hesitatingly, 'I thought smoke was very disagreeable to you.'

'It will be more disagreeable still, if it deprive me of my husband's company,' said Emelie, as she gently drew him back into the room, and placing a luxurious rocking chair for his reception seated herself by his side.

She then selected two cigars from the lot, lighted one and placed to her husband's lips, and performing the same operation with the other, commenced puffing away with the gravity of an experienced smoker. Both maintained the same imperturbable coolness for several minutes, he looked every instant to see her give up the attempt, and she still smoking as if it had been a habit of years.

At length, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, he flung the remnant of his cigar into the grate, exclaiming, 'Emelie, you have won the day—if you will leave off smoking, I will.'

'Certainly, I always imitate those I love; but had we not better smoke this bunch, it is a pity to waste them?'

'No; we will keep them in remembrance of our mutual promise.'

'Well, then I have been thinking as I sat smoking, how much did you give for these cigars?'

'Three cents apiece.'

'And you smoke four in a day, that is a moderate allowance, is it not?'

'It is.'

'Then twelve cents a day is forty-three dollars and eighty cents a year; the same for myself would make it eighty-seven dollars and sixty cents. Am I not a good arithmetician? In one of my rambles the other day I met with a very poor old woman, who with her little grand daughter lived in one of those little wooden houses just over the Schuylkill. I soon recognized her as being the Mrs. Ellison of whom you have spoken as being so kind to you when a child. She is in extreme poverty, and of course feels it more severely after a life of affluence. Now you remember that pretty little white cottage near our country residence, it is to rent, very low, only fifty dollars, and is plenty large enough for Mrs. Ellison and her little girl. Now our cigar money would hire it for her, and the remaining thirty-seven dollars and sixty cents would be some relief to her. Then she will be so near that we can run in at any time, and see that she is comfortable. What do you think, dearest, of my little plan?'

'I think my wife is quite an economist, but I have been so engaged listening to that earnest tone that I have not understood it all. We must go and see Mrs. Ellison tomorrow, and she shall certainly never want.'

Curious Relics.—Among the relics of the Historical Society of New Haven, Ct., there is a cane manufactured from the root of the tree on which the Salem witches were hung; the old oak chest formerly in possession of the family of Aaron Burr, the arm chair of Roger Williams; General Putnam's old tavern sign, with a portrait of General Wolfe painted thereon; a part of the keel of Capt. Cook's old ship "Endeavor," that passed round the world, and finally ended her days at Newport, R. I.; the casket and glass found with Capt. Nathan Hale, who was hung by the British, on Long Island, as a spy, during the revolution, in retaliation for the execution of Andre; and last, but not least, the order book of a British Adjutant, containing the "orders" of the British army on the day of the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, one sheet of which is stained and stamped for eternal endurance, with a drop—a single drop of human blood!

From the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

A LIVING WONDER.

Within five miles of Huntsville, Alabama, there lives a negro boy. He was seventeen years old last August, and weighs over 200 lbs. But his body is not the wonder. It is his mind, if it may be said he has any.

On the 8th of June, 1844, Rev. John C. Burruss, Mr. T. Brandon and myself, went to see him, and were amazed. From himself and Mr. McLemore, (his master,) we learned that he has no idea of a God.—

When asked "who made you?" he answered "nobody." He has never been but a few times half a mile from the place of his birth. He has not mind enough to do the ordinary work of a slave; eats and sleeps in the same house with the white folks, having his own table and bed. He will not ask for anything, nor touch food, however hungry, unless it be offered him. He was never known to commence a conversation with any one, nor continue one further than merely answering questions in the fewest words. He speaks very low and tardily. He has never been known to utter a falsehood, or to steal, and is but little subject to anger—will not strike a dog or any thing else; but when vexed by his sister, he will take hold of her arm, as if he would break it with his hands. He cannot be persuaded to taste intoxicating liquors. His utter aversion to this base, is either the result of his having seen its effects in his master, or it is instinctive. He has never manifested any predilection for the sex. There is nothing remarkable in the configuration of his head or his countenance, save that his eye is uncommonly convex and continually rolling about with a wild and glaring expression. His laugh and movements are perfectly idiotical. He does not know a letter or figure. Withal, in one respect, he is the most extraordinary human being I ever saw. Almost his only manifestation of mind, is in relation to numbers.—

His power over numbers is at once extraordinary and incredible. Take any number under 100, and ask him its product when multiplied into itself, or any other number, and he will state it at once, as readily as any one can give the sum of 12 times 12.—

He multiplies thousands, adds, subtracts and divides with the same certainty, though with more mental labor. He has, however, no idea of numbers above millions.

With pencil and paper we made the following calculations and asked him the questions, thus: "How much is 99 times 99?"

He answered immediately, "9,801." "Well; how much is 74 times 86 1-2?" He answered "6401." "How many nines in 2,000?" He answered, "two hundred and twenty-two nines, and two over." "How many fifteens in 3,356?" He answered, "223 fifteens and 11 over." "How many twenty-threes in 4,000?" He answered, "173 twenty-threes and 21 over." "How much is 321 times 789?" He answered, after a short pause, 25,309. If you take 21 from 85, how many will be left? He answered, 64. If you take 5,211 from 6,920, how many will be left? He answered, 1809. How much is 7 times 9, twenty-two and 14? He answered, 99. How many is 17 times 17 and 16? He said 305. If you had to give one dollar and a half for one chicken and a half, how much would you have to give for two chickens? He said, "82."

If a stick, standing straight up, three feet long, makes a shadow five feet long, how high would a pole be, that has a shadow thirty feet long? At this he put his hand to his chin, drew himself up and gave a silly laugh. His master said, he did not understand such as that. We then asked him, how much is 3,333 times 5,555. In this instance, as in some of the others, he looked serious, began to twist about in his chair, to pick his clothes, finger nails, to look at his hands, put the points of his thumbs to his teeth, move his lips a little, and then seemed to think a little, and then his countenance would give indications of mental agony; and so on. His master told him to walk about and rest himself. He went into the yard and appeared to be alternately elated with rapture, and depressed with gloom.—

He would run, jump up, throw his arms into the air above his head; then stand still, and then drag his foot over the weeds, look up and down; in a word he took on all sorts of crazy motions. We sat down to dine, and when we arose we found him on the piazza sitting down perfectly composed.—

On being told he had done it, I said, how much is it? He answered, "eighteen millions, five hundred and fourteen thousand, eight hundred and fifteen." What? said I. He replied, "18,514,815."

We could get no clue to the mental process by which he ascertained such results. When asked how he did it, his unvarying answer was, "I studies it up." But what do you do first, and what next? He merely drawled out, "I studies it." He did not count on his fingers, nor anything external, nor indeed did he seem to count at all; and yet he combined thousands and millions, and played with their combinations, just as others would do with units. All the instruction he ever received, was from his master, who learned him to count one hundred; and would ask him how many twenties in a hundred, and how many fives, &c.

On the following Monday, I saw him again and asked him what was that hard rum I gave him last Saturday. He replied, "3,333 times 5,555." On Saturday we told him that there were 365 days in a year, and 24 times that would give the hours, which he said was 8,760; sixty times that, the minutes, and he said, 5,256,000; and sixty times that, the seconds, and he said, 31,536,000. On Monday I asked him how many seconds in a year, and he recollected the number. Being then asked how much is 15 times 41 and 78 and 7? He said 700.

How many thirty-threes in 777? He said "23 thirty-threes and 18 over." His recollection of numbers is almost as wonderful as his power to combine them. I submit these facts, to the consideration and reasonings of mental philosophers; for whoever has carefully read this paper, knows about as much as I know of this living wonder.

JOHN W. HANSEN.

Huntsville, Alabama, June 11, 1844.

Mr. Editor—I think the following sweet lines from the pen of Miss Mary Howitt, would please many who read in your valuable paper, for they are full of beauty and deep sentiments. You are at liberty to dispose of them as you choose.

Yours, &c., FISO.

Chesterfield, Sept. 1844.

UNIVERSAL WORSHIP.

My soul adore a universal God—
And I can bow wherever man has bowed;
In little chapels on the hill-side,
By wayside tokens of the Crucified;
In misty aisles where lordly organs sound,
And all the pomp of worship gathers round;
Mid mountain-tops, or moor lands brown and bare,
Where crowds assemble in the open air,
And 'mid the Sabbath hush, with one accord,
Lift up their joyful anthems to the Lord!

Creeds matter not to me. I ask no more
Than that the one great Father they adore,
And loving him, with better right we own
Our God our Father, who still loved us all!
Our hearts were made for worship; and we raise
Ourselves towards him if but a flower we praise.
If, walking by the way, we only see
His goodness in the green leaves of a tree;
In pealing organs and uplifted hymn;
There will be worship though no word be spoken!

Yet man did well to build up structures fair,
For his best purposes of praise and prayer;
With costly offerings to adorn a shrine,
And hang o'er marble towers works divine—
He hath done well, for unto God we owe
All that of hand or heart we can bestow;
Nor hath he scorned who heaven and earth commands,
To dwell in temples made by human hands!
His spirit breathes from aisle and chantry dim,
In pealing organs and uplifted hymn;
Breathes from the lofty dome august and still,
And in the beauty of the painter's skill!

Then let me bow wherever man hath bowed,
In grateful homage to the Father—God,
For where to him hath risen one human prayer
The place is hallowed—holy is the air,
As if white-winged angels hovered there!

Mason and Dixon's Line.—This much talked-of, but not generally understood, boundary is thus defined by the National Intelligencer: "This boundary is so termed from the name of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, the gentlemen appointed to run unfinished lines in 1763, between Pennsylvania and Maryland on the territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1759, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement, in 1759, between themselves.—

A decree had been made in 1618, by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his majesty, (afterwards to William Penn,) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Eastern Sea on one side, and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 4th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the king's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted, and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and of Lord Baltimore in 1744, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father, Wm. Penn,) and Cecilus, Lord Baltimore, grandson of Charles, and great grandson of Cecilus, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1722. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that cape to the exact middle of the peninsula.—

Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and he endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kindly decrees, and proprietary followed, which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1759. But the cause in chancery being decided in 1759, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open till 1761, when the line was run by Messrs Mason and Dixon.

From the Mass. Ploughman.

NEW MODE OF CONFINING BUDS.

Mr. Editor:—Having noticed in some paper, an inquiry whether there could not be some better method in inoculating trees, or confining the bud in, than the usual method of tying it with a string, I send you the result of my experiments last season, thinking it might be useful to those who inoculate trees. Presuming that there might be some better and more expeditious way than the usual method of confining the buds in by winding a string round the stock, the idea of confining them in with grafting wax suggested itself to me, which experiment I tried; but found it unsuccessful, as the new wood was forming, and the bark expanding, the wax came off before the buds had time to grow.

I next spread some grafting wax thinly on cotton cloth, and confined the buds in with a strip of it, letting it go part round the stock, but the result was as the tree increased in circumference, the plaster started off at one end, and the buds fell out. I then tried the experiment of cutting my plaster of a length sufficient to reach a little more than around the stock, and having inserted the bud put it around the tree, and pinning the two ends together, caused it to adhere, and found no farther trouble, as the two ends of the cloth separated just as fast as the growth of the tree required.

I set about two hundred in this way, and they nearly all took well, and have grown rapidly the present season. The usual way of tying the buds in with a string, requires nearly twice the time for the operation in the first place, that my method does; and is also otherwise objectionable, as if the string is not attended to in proper season and loosened, it will often cut into the bark of the tree and injure the buds, and sometimes weaken the tree, if small, so much that the wind will break it down—but by my method all these evils are obviated.

IRA HARDY.

East Bradford, Aug. 14, 1844.

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS.—A late English paper says that in the court of Queen's bench recently a jury refused to make a husband responsible for an extravagant milliner's bill to his wife, comprehending, amongst other items, ten new bonnets and forty-three pair of gloves, in seven months.

Now that the election is over, and the smoke and heat of the first contest are subsiding, we hope a candid and intelligent people—farmers especially—will give the following brief article a careful and unbiased perusal. Its reasoning is plain—its temper admirable—its statements correct; and the whole should be deeply pondered in the 'heart of hearts' of every well wisher to all the great interests of the Nation.—

From the Skaneateles Columbian.

"LO! THE POOR" FARMERS.

The course pursued by the partisans of Polk and Dallas, in relation to the tariff, is most singularly unsteady and inconsistent. In this respect, it has been justly said of them, that "they reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man." One day, or in one place, they are holding forth that their candidates are the true friends of the tariff, and denouncing Mr. Clay as an anti-protectionist. In another, you will hear them complaining of the tariff as partial and unjust in its discriminations. In Western Pennsylvania, where the policy of protecting iron manufactures is obvious to be questioned, Mr. Polk is held up as the very man for their interests, and that, too, by H. B. Wright, the presiding officer of the Baltimore Convention, which nominated Mr. Polk, because he was known to be in favor of free trade and immediate annexation. But in the wheat-raising, beef and pork-producing districts of the North, it is just now the special aim of these truth-loving patriots to 'whine over the injustice of the tariff towards the products of agriculture. "Our farmers," say they, "are suffering severely from the effects of the Whig tariff, which has reduced below all former examples the prices of agricultural products, while at the same time it is cramming to excess the bloated pockets of nabob manufacturers. How can the hardy tillers of the soil be expected to stand by the tariff as it is, which not only impoverishes them, but rolls thousands into the portals of poverty? They will not, cannot be so blind to their own interests."

That the prices of agricultural products are low, is true—but it is not true, as these croakers very well know, that they have been reduced by the tariff. These reductions are accounted for in a much more satisfactory manner by the over-production, by the immense amount of beef, pork and flour poured into the glutted market of the East from the teeming West. The supply of this season, immeasurably beyond any former season, has greatly exceeded the demand both at home and abroad, and of course prices have fallen. The only remedy for this evil—the only way to help the farmer in this difficulty is, to increase the demand for his products, that is, to increase the number of consumers. And how do our opponents propose to effect this? How would they alter the tariff to benefit the farmers? By checking the over-production? They hardly attempt that. By laying high prohibitory duties on the importation of agricultural products? That would be of no avail, since there are next to none imported now, under the present low duties. No—these special friends of the farming interest propose to help the farmers by withdrawing the protection now given to manufacturers,—thereby compelling the owners to shut up their factories and turn the hands now employed in them over to tilling the soil. That is to say, they would enhance the prices of beef, pork, flour, &c., by increasing the number of producers, and diminishing the number of consumers of those articles!

But the farmers of Vermont are not the fools to be caught in such a silly trap, to be led astray by such stupid appeals. They know full well, their best, their only reliable market is the home market, that is, the market afforded by the manufacturers. They know that every man employed in manufacturing, is a consumer of their products, which he must

